

# Get Bacc Time

Brotha Lynch Hung

(Damn nigga what you been doin'?)  
I'm still walkin' this walk nigga  
(Uh, heard that shit)  
So watch out

See you know us nigga, we run up in ya house  
Run up in ya room and put the gun up in ya mouth  
Next thing you know, you just one up in a pouch  
That's what you fuckin' wid when you come up in the South  
I spit slugs, I be off them drugs kick it wid thug niggas  
Plug niggas, with blood on the rug  
Nigga we got gut splitters and shovels we gravediggers  
Wid troublesome ways and we bubble some days and some days  
We shovel ya grave and we wrinkle ya page  
We got shooters on the team like the Lakers we post up  
And then bake 'em wid the toaster  
From long distance or close up  
We send 'em heat rocks, put 'em up under the sheetrock  
Cheap talk, makin' all the streets hot  
With the heat from the glock  
and I pop holes in ya Chevy block  
And I pop those if ya ready or not get set go  
Burn you with the petrol, wet those niggas wid cold showers  
Crept on them niggas and they laid out wid gun powder  
That's one route I'm full of them scams  
Pull and advance through your livin' room window  
Then I'm leavin' wid blood on my hands  
I'm a nympho, murder ya kinfolks two to the temple  
Lay 'em on the ground from the five pound it's that simple  
You know me nigga, I stay up in the cut  
Every chance I get I get way up in a slut  
Every once in a while I gotta touch a nigga up  
So I hit the bomb and split ya palm wid paper cuts  
I'm a oven when it comes to this thuggin' I spit fire  
Chop ya lil rhymes to bits, 'til I'm tired  
of the ecstacy and 'yac and kool-aid nigga I'm wired  
I'm a sicc nigga I rip out ya bottom teeth wid the pliers  
And I'm tired, of the rumors I disconnect, the tuner  
I hit ya neck wid the ruger and get respect this a shooter  
And ya knew the, shit like this, fool you better back up  
Tuck niggas up like buttercups somebody better get yo stuff

Cause it's get bacc time  
Eye for an eye tooth for tooth  
This ain't just no rhyme  
Somebody gotta die and that's the truth  
Ya shouldn'ta spit that line  
Now look at ya hidin' in ya coupe  
Cause it's get bacc time  
It ain't gonna be us so it's gotta be you  
It's like four plus four nigga  
This shit easy as addition  
To get back niggas and have 'em missin'  
Wha-what what to strip wack niggas and have 'em drippin'  
Plugged for crossin' love when my thug bring y'all the endin'  
(2x)

Please believe it, it happens daily  
Make bitch niggas have my babies (then what?)  
Fuck 'em in the ass give 'em rabies  
Tuck 'em in the grass I'm off the shady O-eighty  
Wid the salt shaker tryna eat niggas up like  
Stanley Dean bacon killer slash make me shellin' out  
She loves me loves me not, slugs be hot  
Run up in yo million dollar spot  
And get the, drugs and glocks and I leave the  
Bloody rug spots and I get the  
Money powder and the ice and I'm from the  
Nuttty Blocc hit the lights and I'm 'bout to  
Get the kids and the wife and I'm 'bout to  
Hold 'em hostage if I don't get what I want  
Cut 'em up in little sausages, wreckless how Lynch is  
You want no vengeance, my shit spit fine lines in yo extensions  
It grips like a tiger so it ain't no sensin'  
Tryna get away I been dyin' to get a day to touch you up  
I mean hire motherfuckers that'll fuck you up  
Wire motherfuckers all for the wet  
I be shootin' that twelve guage offa the steps  
Nigga off wid ya neck, ever since then, plottin' ya death  
Get caught in your Lex take a quick wind get shot in the chest  
Get ya cops and the tec, cause ever since then  
Nothin'll rest 'til they gettin' locked in the pen  
Cockin' a tec, poppin' the gin, quick to hide 'til ya set  
See I'm at it again not 'til ya sweatin'  
It's not under ya neck it's over ya head  
It's over ya dead stood over ya bed pointin' a tec  
Four to ya head jumped in the Nova and fled  
I'm like a motherfuckin' gangsta  
Bitch ass nigga I cut off ya middle finger

Like D-M-X I'm a ruff ryder, leave ya tied up  
Wid ya nuts fried up  
I'm the nigga that creep when it's dark in the sky  
Parkin' the ride and then dartin' inside  
Ya spot wid automatic toys nigga this sparkin' a riot  
Good shit better hide behind ya boys  
nigga add gas to the flames then  
blast at ya main land, switch ya whole game plan  
Leavin' bloody stains and wid enough nigga nuts and guts and  
(Where?) Bodies in the Hudson I keep it bustin' and bustin'  
I'm the medicine man like Robitussin  
Hold ya huffin' and puffin' before I  
Split ya tongue wid the jack knife better act right  
and attack right now if you wanna get the Hung I split ya lung  
If you lookin' for some of that sicc shit this the one  
If you lookin' for some of that shoot 'em up kill 'em up  
better get ya gun, young ass rappers  
I'm like R.Kelly I fuck the young in this rap game  
Cum on ya belly cum on ya tongue  
Shit I'm one of the ones blowin' you up eatin' you up and then  
Throwin' you up knowin' you sucked big fat nut nigga